

✠ A proper new balade exprestyng the fames, Concerning a warning to al London dames,

To the tune of the blacke Almaïne.

YOU London dames, whose passyng fames
Through out the worlde is spread,
In to the skye, ascendyng hye
To euery place is fled:
For thowow each land and place,
For beauties kyndely grace:
You are renowned ouer all,
You haue the prayse and euer shall.
What wight on earth that can beholde
More dearer and sayre dames then you?
Therfore to extoll you I may be bolde,
Your paces and graces so gay to vieu.

For wertes lore, and other thinges more
Of truth you doe excell,
I may well gesse, for comelynesse
Of all, you beate the bell:
As trim in your arraye
As be the flowres in Maye
With roset hew so brauely dyght
As twinklyng starres that shyneth by night.
For curtesie in euery parte
Not many nor any resemble you can,
In lady natures camely arte
So grauely and brauely to euery man.

And oft when you goe, sayre dames on a rowe
In to the feeldes so greene,
You sit and bewe the beautifull hewe
Of flowres that there be seene:
Which lady FLORA hath
So garnysed in each path
With all the pleasures that may be
(sayre dames) are there to pleasure ye
Eyl frost doth come and nip the top,
And lop them and crop them, not one to be seene
So when that Death doth hap to your lot,
Consider and gather what beauty hath beene.

For as the flowre, doth change in an houre
That was so sayre to see,
Consyder and gather (sayre dames) the wether
May change as well with yee:
And turne your toyes as soone
As frost the flowres hath doone
So sudden Death may change as well
Your beauties that now doth excell,
And turne your sweetes to bitter and sowre
When death in his breath comes stealing neare:
Such haps may hap to come in an houre
Which euer or neuer you little dyd feare.

Wherfore I say, sayre dames so gay
That Death is buspest now,
To catch you hence, where no defence
May make him once to bow:
Experience well doth trye
You see it with your eye,
How quickly some are taken hence
Not youthfull yeares may make defence:
And strange diseases many are seene
Encreasyng and preasyng to bere vs each day,
But sure the lyke hath euer beene
May houe you and moue you to God to pray.

And learne to know, as grasse doth grow
And withereth in to haye,
Remember therfore, kepe vertue in store
For so you shall decaye:
And pitie on the pooze
With some parte of your store,
Like that your lampes may ready bee
The dreadfull day approacheth nye:
When Christ shall come to iudge our deeds
No fairnes nor clerenes can helpe you than,
The corne to seporate from the weeds
Sayre dames, when cometh the day of dome.

Now that I haue sayd, let it be wayed
It is no festyng toye,
Not all your treasure, can you pleasure
It is but sadpyng toye:
Therfore remember mee
What I haue sayd to yee,
And thus the Lorde preserve the Queene
Long space with vs to lyue and raigne:
As we are all bound incessantlie
To desyre with prayer both night and day,
God to preserve her maiestie
Amen, let all her good subiects say.

FINIS. quoth Steuen Beell.



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